

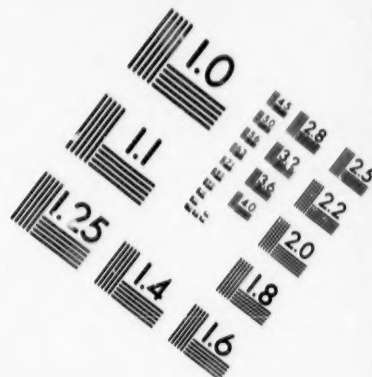
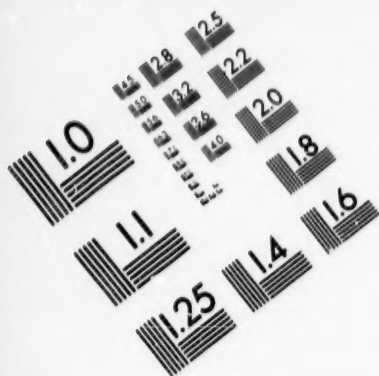
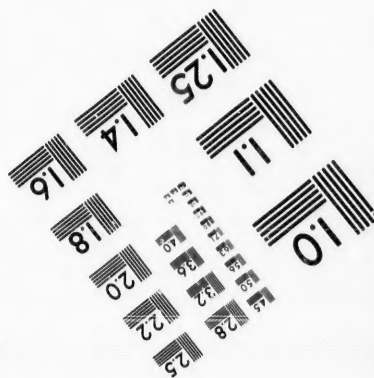
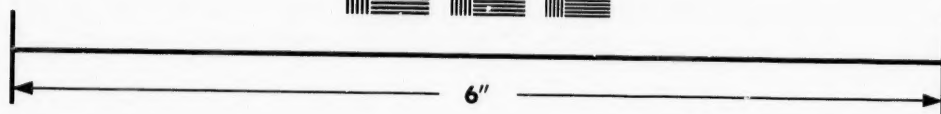
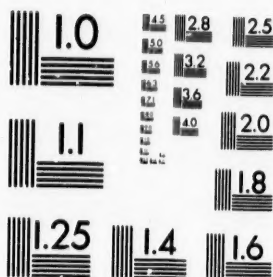


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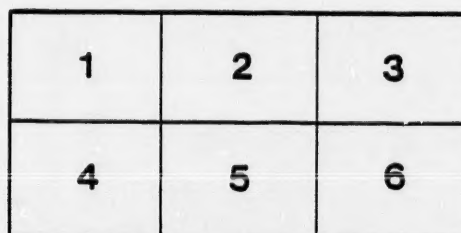
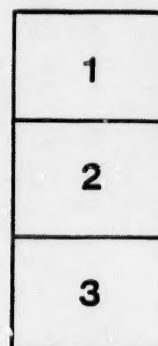
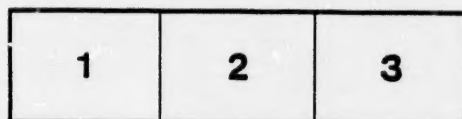
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A MISSIONARY STORY.

BY

MRS. C. A. ARCHIBALD,
of Simlipatam, India.

Published by the Foreign Missionary Board of the Baptist
Convention of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick,
and Prince Edward Island, 1885.

SAINT JOHN, N. H.

BARNES AND COMPANY, PRINTERS, PRINCE WM. STAGE.

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GURAHATHI AND HERRIAMAH;

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PREFACE.

ENGLAND'S Indian Empire is the richest and most important dependency ever possessed by any nation. Although in extent it is less than half the size of the Dominion of Canada, its population is more than sixty times that of our land. It covers an area of about one and a-half million square miles, and its peoples numbered in 1881 over two hundred and fifty-two millions. Its revenue, independent of that of the native princes, amounts to over three hundred and fifty millions of dollars. It comprises eight provinces, besides the colony of Ceylon.

The province, or presidency as it is called, of Madras, occupies the chief part of the eastern coast, and lies mainly between the chain of mountains named the Eastern Ghauts and the Bay of Bengal. It has an area of one hundred and fifty thousand square miles, and a population of over thirty-four millions. Its people belong to several distinct races, chief among which is the Telugu, a branch of the great Aryan family, which sent forth successive tribes to colonize Europe.

The Telugus occupy the country between Madras and Ganjam, and number about eighteen millions of souls. In the south they merge off into the people who speak the Tamil language, and in the north into those who speak the Oriyah tongue; whilst Konds, Gadabas, Savaras, and other aboriginal tribes are found all along the western border, occupying the foothills of the Ghauts.

Brahminism is the prevailing religion, although there are many Moham-medans, some Buddhists, and a few Parsees, or Persian fire-worshippers. The sacred books of the Brahmins are called the Vedas, and are said to have been written two thousand five hundred years before the Christian era. The principles of caste hold the people under its sway which nothing but the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ seems able to break.

Christian missionaries were sent to this people by the London Missionary Society as early as the year 1805, but for thirty years their efforts were almost entirely confined to the work of translation and conducting schools. During the past fifty years, however, the outposts of Christian missions have been advancing from the south and the north, until now there are thousands of Telugus and Oriyahs who have cast aside their idols, relinquished their vain philosophy, and given up their debasing superstitions, to worship the only living and true God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent, and to be guided by the truths of His Word, which, believed, accepted, and worked out in the life, make wise unto salvation.

The missionaries of the Foreign Missionary Board of the Baptist Convention of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, were sent into the northern part of this great field in 1875, and very soon had three stations occupied, namely, Bimlipatam, Kimediy, (afterwards removed to Chicacole), and Bobbili. Lands were secured, and houses, schools, and chapels erected. From these cities as centres the missionaries and their native helpers have worked out into the surrounding country, and by every form of Christian effort have striven to show themselves approved workmen for Jesus Christ.

In the accompanying map the stations occupied by this Board are marked with a dot enclosed in a square, and sub-stations with a dot enclosed in a circle. By it the scenes of the following narrative of "GURAHATHI AND HERRIAMATH," told by Mrs. Archibald, formerly Miss Carrie A. Hammond, may be readily located.

The story, which is strictly true in all its parts, forms one of the most interesting sketches in the romance of missions, and will, it is believed, awaken a strong interest in the hearts of all who read it in the cause of foreign missions as conducted by the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces through their missionaries in India.

J. MARCH,

Secretary.

Saint John, N. B., September, 1885.

INTRODUCTION.

IT has been thought that the story of "GURAHATHI AND HERRIAMAH," two of the most remarkable characters that have been in connection with our Canadian mission to the Telugus, might be interesting to Missionary Bands and Sunday-schools; hence the following pages have been written. It is a true story, and the facts have been gathered from Herriamah's narrative.

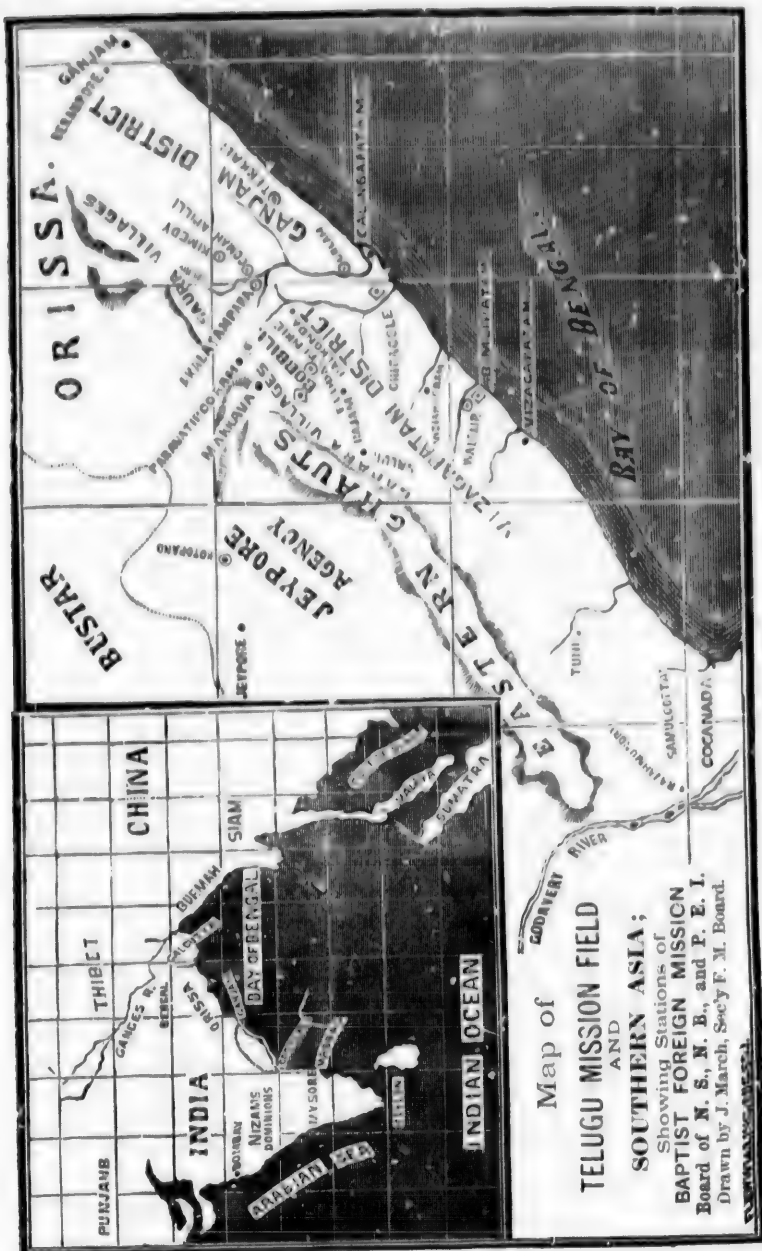
Gurahathi donated two pieces of land to the mission. One in the town for a chapel, and the other outside of the town for a burial-ground. In this latter his remains were placed.

Some four years ago, the Ranee entered a suit against Gurahathi, to recover property that was given to him when a Hindu, or more properly speaking, a heathen; and the piece of land in the town, on which is the well, was taken possession of by the government officials. As compensation, 100 rupees was paid Gurahathi, and after deducting costs of suit, etc., he presented the mission with the remainder.

If this story secures a larger sympathy for our mission, by which the Kingdom of God is advanced and His name honored, the desired end will be gained.

C. A. ARCHIBALD.

Bimlipatam, India, July 4th, 1885.



COCAINAD

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True, some fruit was gathered ; but these earnest Christian workers were not permitted to see a rich harvest ; and ultimately Providence allowed this fine field, many parts of which had

frequently been visited by the herads of the Cross, to come into the hands of the Baptists.

Not long since the London Mission formally announced its intention of relinquishing all claim to that district, withdrew its assistants, and finally sold its chapel to our resident missionary.

About thirty miles to the north-east of Chicacole is the large town of Tekkali, strongly fortified in all that is evil and degrading by its many Brahmins and its numerous idol temples. Some years ago the prince of the power of darkness appeared to reign here, but a blow has been struck at the corner-stone of his strength, the banner of the Almighty Ruler has been set up, and war is daily waged between the few on the one side and the many on the other, which shall result in this town becoming a part of the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.

Here also was the dwelling-place of one of the many petty rajahs which are scattered over the country ; and in and about this town the characters of our story have principally lived and worked.

CHAPTER II.

FROM INFANCY TO WOMANHOOD.

PROBABLY about thirty-five years ago, on some one of India's bright days, a little baby-girl opened her black eyes for the first time on the rajah's palace at Tekkali.

The young mother was sister to the rajah, consequently an honored member of the household, and the tiny charge had come to a home of comfort but of considerable seclusion.

No degree of royalty, however, could save her from the various anointings with oil and saffron, the almost semi-roasting over a pan of coals, which must follow, and worse than all, the cruel searing of the little stomach with a hot iron. When this last ceremony is performed the infant is taken far enough away from the mother to prevent its cries of agony from reaching her ears. Probably Hindu mothers believe that these things do for their babies, from the highest to the lowest, some such service as flannel and peppermint do for Canadian babies. Be that as it may, these customs are some of the concomitants of babyhood in this part of India.

We may assume that the mother's heart was sad because the dumb idol, to which she had made offerings, vowed, and prayed, had not given her a son instead of a daughter.

Infanticide, though prohibited by law, has not entirely ceased, and though the lives of many baby-girls are preserved, they are still unwelcome little people, unless the father's heart, particularly, has been previously satisfied by the advent of boys.

Other children were given to these parents, but all died in infancy or early childhood; so Herriamah, the name of this one little girl, should have been, and perhaps she was, a great treasure.

Knowing her as a woman, it is easy to imagine that she was one of the round, dimpled, laughing babies, which mothers love to kiss

and fondle ; and that before she could walk, ornaments of various kinds adorned the tiny wrists and ankles, whose tinkling sound made pleasant music to the baby ears. Ears and nose were perforated in several places, jewels inserted, and another little craft had fairly set sail upon the sea of life.

Before this little lady was old enough to remember even the most important events, she was betrothed by her parents, according to Eastern custom, to a young gentleman of the same tender age ; and this momentous question being decided, there was nothing for her to do but play and grow as the days and months sped on.

Had she been a child belonging to any ordinary caste, she would have been about the streets, very scantily clad, with hair in a perfect tangle, and played in the dirt in the most abandoned manner. As it was, her mother probably never went beyond the compound walls, except in a closed palanquin ; and Herriamah's play-ground consisted of the enclosed courts, which form an important part of the dwellings of the rich, and which outside are usually clean and neatly whitewashed.

She has told me stories of her childhood, in which bright colored clothing and beautiful jewels formed a conspicuous part. She must have been a pretty little girl, with her clear brown complexion, fine black eyes and hair, small hands and feet, even if she had not the rosy cheeks of some of our Mission Band girls. She used to delight to plait her hair in one long braid, with cord and tassels at the lower end, a large ornament at the other, then adorn it with the white flowers of which natives are so fond.

Unlike the majority of Hindu girls, this little maiden received the rudiments of a meagre education. A teacher came daily to the palace to teach some of the male members of the family, and she learned to read and write Oriya, her native tongue, with a good degree of fluency, and, perhaps, this fact is the key-note to her whole life. About this time her father died, so her training was largely with her mother, of whom she used to speak with a good deal of affection.

When Herriamah was about nine years old, the boy to whom she was betrothed died, then the future of the little widow was in the hands of her elders in a very peculiar manner. The betrothal is almost, if not quite as binding, as the marriage rite, and when a husband dies, it is concluded that the widow has committed some

great sin in a previous existence, and that punishment is now being visited upon her. Consequently, in many cases, each friend feels that he or she is doing right in contributing something towards the general discomfort and wretchedness of the bereaved one.

Sometimes as soon as the man is dead, they rush upon the poor woman, shave off her hair, pull off the ornaments so roughly as to leave torn and bleeding wounds, beat and knock her about in a most inhuman manner. It is reasonable to hope that this only occurs when the woman is away from all her own, and in the house of her husband's friends. It is very common to find a Hindu mother-in-law who has little love for the young wife, and when she suffers the loss of a well-beloved son, there is reason to fear her.

There are thousands of Hindu widows who have never been wives, and hundreds of them end their existence in this world by committing suicide, rather than walk in the hard path that the years spread out before them. Perhaps the life of shame, which many of them lead, is much less dreaded by them than the unkind treatment, and often servile condition, to which numbers are subjected. They have never heard of the blasting influences of the former, and it saves them from much of the suffering entailed by the latter.

Neither Herriamah, nor any other, could ever be honorably married, and she was not supposed to have any mind of her own on any question, whether it was closely associated with her or not. But Herriamah was still with her own mother, and she was her only child, so girlhood passed away comparatively happily and uneventfully, and the years of young womanhood rested upon her before more than a pleasant ripple had darkened the surface of life's stream.

CHAPTER III.

GURAHATHI AND NEW TIES.

DURING these years, an early playmate, named Gurahathi, the son of wealthy parents, and of the same caste as Herriamah, had grown to man's estate, and was a frequent visitor in and around the palace. In his blood was, to us, the fearful taint of leprosy, but hitherto the disease had apparently made little progress, while in physique he was tall and fine looking. He had received a fair education, was naturally kind-hearted and generous, of rather a thoughtful cast of mind, yet in every particular was active and full of individuality. He had never married; possibly the girl to whom he was betrothed had died, for it is very unusual for young men to reach the age of eighteen or twenty without this matter being attended to.

It is not supposable that Herriamah and Gurahathi were allowed much of each other's society, yet as considerable intimacy already existed between them, it is scarcely wonderful that as time passed it ripened into a warmer feeling, and they thought it would be a pleasure to them to walk life's pathway together.

In Hinduism there is very little opportunity for the exercise of the love which is the foundation principle of happy Canadian homes, and had Herriamah's husband lived, long ere she had dreamed of such a thing as this, she would have been carried off to his house, and probably her whole life would have passed away without her knowing that such a thing was ever born in the human heart.

Though deeply interested in each other, both she and Gurahathi knew perfectly well that she could never be his honorably married and publicly accepted wife; yet, probably neither one of them ever thought of doubting the justice or criticizing the wisdom of this,

one of their time-honored customs. There was a custom, also, which was almost as common as the marriage ceremony, which was a part of the daily life around them, but which deprived woman of womanhood's crown; and after a time the friends of the two parties decided that she should be given to him. Herriamah was a widow who had really never been married, and condemned to life-long widowhood; she loved and was loved by the man to whom she was given, and it was with no small degree of pleasure that she entered upon her new life.

How fair English readers will shrink from this with a start of horror, and perhaps with a feeling of strong condemnation for both; but they must remember that in all Herriamah's future there was no other prospect of a happy home for her, that she had grown up surrounded by those who lived in a similar manner, that she accepted this as one of the natural conditions of life, and that she had never seen nor heard of our Bible and its pure teachings.

Some years passed pleasantly and swiftly, and as Gurahathi seemed contented, his friends began to fear that he would never make any other woman his lawful wife, and as Herriamah could not inherit his property, they began to urge upon him what appeared duty to them, and the fact that she was already in his house was not the least obstacle to the instalment of another. For a long time he resisted all their efforts, but ultimately yielded.

Then there was a grand wedding, days and nights of feasting, the making of presents, beautiful torchlight processions, deafening Hindu music, the Guru or priest said his muntrums, when the stars were in the right position, some water may have been thrown over the two, or they may have dipped some rice together with their hands; he put on her neck the pousti, which in this case was probably a circlet of ornaments, with a peculiar one in front, and the little bride, probably a shy, pretty child of some twelve or thirteen years, was brought in a gaily-decorated palanquin to the house where Herriamah had long been mistress.

She was quiet and nice, and Herriamah, assured of and satisfied with the affection of Gurahathi, and the new wife not thinking anything about that, the two women always got along most amicably together. One was still a child; more interested in romping about, when opportunity offered, than in anything else, with no interest in books or reading of any kind; while between Gurahathi and the

other there was equality of age, similarity of tastes, each found in the other a companion, and many hours were spent together reading and conversing about their shastrums or sacred books.

As yet no gleam of light had flashed across the darkness of their minds. But the sun was only below the horizon, and soon they would be nearly blinded by his brightness, and dazed with the true state of their hearts, which he should discover to them.

One day Herriamah saw a little boy running about with a two-paged leaflet in his hand, such as the missionary and his assistants give away by thousands. It was something more than mere curiosity that led her to ask to see it, and that finally prompted the request to be allowed to keep it.

This was the first thing she had ever seen regarding the Christian religion, and she read it again and again with ever-increasing interest.

She then showed the leaflet to Gurahathi, who read it, but no new thought took shape in his mind ; and when she communicated to him her feelings and doubts, he reproved her rather sharply, and asked why a woman need trouble herself about such things.

But Herriamah secured and treasured the leaflet, and the Spirit and presence of God, unseen and unrecognized, brooded over the idolatrous worshippers in the palace at Tekkali. In the heart of one strange and conflicting doubts had arisen. The old content and satisfaction, which the forms and ceremonies of her own religion had once afforded her, would never return, and some day the blackness of heathen darkness must give place to the wondrous light of eternal truth.

Again the swiftly-passing days, watched over by the All-seeing Eye, brought to her hands another leaflet ; and she resolved that she would never rest till her old faith was re-established or hopelessly lost.

One of her first endeavors was to enlist the sympathies of Gurahathi in the subject which so deeply engrossed her attention ; and under God these efforts were crowned with an abundant success.

The younger wife could not be induced to regard the question with any degree of favor. Hers was the more ordinary type of Indian womanhood—which knows neither aspiration nor desire ; which refuses to heed anything that might even give birth to a new thought ; which is content with the present and utterly indifferent

to the future, particularly the future of the undying soul; whether she has a soul at all or not is of less importance to her than the price of a necklace. So, why those two pieces of paper should cause Herriamah so much concern, was a mystery to her, which she had not the slightest interest in solving.

This being the case, Herriamah and Gurahathi quietly enjoyed many conversations, and as quietly began to look about for other sources of information.

At that time there was living at Chicacole a London Mission colporteur, named Moonaswamy, who occasionally made visits in the direction of Tekkali, and by the assistance of others, they procured from him a copy of the Old Testament, which they began to read together.

Sufficient light came from this to crumble into atoms Herriamah's already tottering faith; but her companion in study was not so easily convinced. He was possessed of considerable native ability, and was well read in what we call heathen mythology, but what, to him, was sacred truth. So, where his masculine mind doubted and reasoned, she intuitively grasped and walked with woman's simple yet equally earnest faith.

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHT AND SEPARATION.

THESE two seekers after truth groped along in the semi-twilight, with an ever-increasing knowledge of their own sinful hearts, until the burden became very heavy; and Herriamah, particularly, with strong crying and tears, turned to the still unknown God for help. She felt that it must come from Him, whoever and wherever he was; she and he, too, needed the Saviour, but probably neither could well express their need in words. One after another their religious customs were dropped, and from the privacy of their own room went up many petitions to the prayer-answering God.

One day they heard that there was another book, called the New Testament, which should accompany the one that was already in their possession, and that in various ways it would assist them to understand this one.

Again they sent to the colporteur, Moonaswamy, and in due time the coveted treasure was in their hands, and they were reading it from cover to cover.

There they read of the new heart to which the sinful one must give place; of the baptism that followed; that the Saviour, who was born and had grown to manhood, had submitted thereto; that He had died to save sinners. Thus the beautiful plan of salvation was gradually revealed to their wondering yet rejoicing hearts. They did not feel sure whether their sins were pardoned or not, and they felt afraid to die, not having been baptized. They probably put rather too much emphasis on this ordinance, and feared they could not be saved without it. But perhaps they committed

no greater error than those do who practically deny that the Lord loveth obedience rather than sacrifice. They felt that they must be baptized ; but how were they to attain the desired end ? Of all the steps that make up the three-score years and ten, this, to men and women in Christian lands, is one of the most momentous. It is one of the crowning acts of life, wherein the sympathies of many are drawn out towards the young convert ; and to him it is one of the turning-points, which neither change nor the mist of years can efface from memory. And to this man and woman, living in the depths of heathenism, where the name of Christ was not known, or known only to be hated, it could scarcely be thought of without quickened pulse-beat, and spoken of only in the strictest privacy.

They could truly say, "We rejoice to do Thy will, O God;" but it involved the rending of strong and tender ties, the departure from the old, pleasant home, and the life-long separation from all and everything they had hitherto held dear, perhaps, not even excepting each other.

For the precepts of the book which they were now trying to follow taught them the true relation in which each stood to the other. Herriamah began to feel what her position would be in the eyes of the Christian world, and as far as they could see, only separation and trial was before them. Did they falter and shrink because of the roughness of the way ? Yes, perhaps so, for the flesh is weak ; yet trusting in this newly found Almighty One, they determined to press on.

Finally, Herriamah resolved to go to Chicacole, and, if possible, secure baptism at the hands of some one there. She said she would walk the thirty miles rather than remain longer as she was. But while deciding upon ways and means, they learned that sprinkling was the practice of the Christians there; and, notwithstanding their lack of wisdom in many points, the words in their Oriya Bible, relating to baptism, conveyed to their minds another idea. As they understood them, the Saviour received *baptism* at the hands of John, and they did not see how anything short of that could be regarded as doing as He did.

The project of going to Chicacole was relinquished, and after a time they heard that there were Christians at Berhampore, who practiced the ordinance as they read it in the book. This town was one hundred miles from Tekkali, in, to them, a new part of the

country, and among strangers ; yet the idea of going there was discussed, prayed over, and finally adopted.

But, instead of Herriamah going, it seemed best that Gurahathi should go first, and, as early as possible, communicate to her the success of the undertaking.

In going out from his home and family, Gurahathi knew that it was the last time ; that the former pleasant relations could never be resumed. He counted well the cost, but considered that loss was gain, could he thereby feel that there was peace between him and his Maker.

He also knew, that if the slightest suspicion of his intended action entered the minds of any of the family, steps would at once be taken — and probably effective ones — to prevent his departure.

To them, his death was preferable to his renunciation of the Hindu faith, and what they believed would be the consequent stigma and disgrace which would rest upon them.

Wealth and position belonged to the family, and to Gurahathi as a member of it; and while he was willing to forego all that was necessary for the sake of his new found hope, he did not deem it wise to go to a strange country and people dependent. Neither did he feel that it would be best to leave everything behind, to be spent in the service of Satan. So, while making preparations for the journey, he disposed of several things that belonged to him, and received the value in money, or in jewels — which, to the Hindu, often serve instead of the former.

Nothing was said to the younger wife, for he knew her mind, and counsel with her would only have defeated his purpose. But one of his greatest anxieties was the condition in which Herriamah would be placed, when it was known that he was actually gone. The family would at once suspect that she had aided him, and neither the love of mother nor any other friend was stronger than the hatred they bore to the Christian religion. Should she escape punishment, they feared the vigilance of the family would be so great that she would be unable to get away, when the time for her to act had come. And if retained unwillingly, and she refused to participate in the idol worship, and its attendant ceremonies, something worse than imprisonment might befall her. For lesser reasons than this slow poisons are called in requisition, and none knows better than a high caste native what his fellows are capable of doing.

Under the circumstances it did not seem best that they should attempt to escape together; and perhaps the one who was to remain behind required as much courage as the one who was going on the momentous journey.

When, at last, the time for parting came, Herriamah and Gurahathi each took hold of the Bible which they had so often read together, and promised, that while life lasted they would be true to each other, as far as its teachings permitted; that no difference what distance or circumstances separated them, each would never marry another, and that, if possible, they would one day be really married by a Christian Missionary.

The Bible was left with Herriamah. Gurahathi started on his journey towards Berhampore; and great was the consternation, grief, and rage of the family, when his absence was discovered. Herriamah was severely questioned and blamed, but no violence was used; her grief was real, and in the general confusion she kept aloof from the disturbed household as much as she could.

The reason for his departure was divined; and in what direction he had gone, was the most important question. Inquiries were made in the town, and among the constantly coming and going bandy-men, and ere long they had ascertained that Berhampore was the city of refuge to which Gurahathi had fled. A deputation from the family was sent after him, which would use all persuasive words of men's wisdom; they would tell him of broken-hearted friends, of the sorrow he had caused them, of the joy with which they would receive him; they would call to their assistance all their religious sophistry, and their threats. If all these failed, and they could get possession of his person by cunning or force—neither of which they would hesitate to use—they would bring him back.

In the meantime, Gurahathi had reached Berhampore in safety, and had told his own and Herriamah's story to the missionary and the church. In due time he was accepted for baptism; but before he had realized this great consummation of his hopes the party from Tekkali arrived, and appeared before him suddenly one day in the town when he was alone and unprotected. Many missionaries have listened with aching and praying hearts to such talks as the long and unsatisfactory one which ensued. But, happily, in this case Gurahathi's feet were on the rock. He could not be induced to return to his former life and faith, and when he saw the

gathering anger, and felt assured that they would not hesitate to call to their assistance something more effective than words, he knew that only a resort to a stratagem of some kind would save him. So, telling them to come with him to the missionary's house, where all his money and things were, they turned in that direction. Arrived at the house, they would naturally have some hesitancy about entering, and in that moment Gurathathi went inside and shut and fastened the door behind him.

To his dismay, the missionary was out, and only the servants were around. The party outside was so enraged that they were getting ready to break in the door, and probably would have done so, had not the Padre Dora made his appearance. Then ensued another fruitless war of words, and, finally, calling down upon Gurathathi the most fearful imprecations, and literally washing their hands forever clear of him, they departed.

CHAPTER V.

SOME HINDU CUSTOMS.

WHEN they returned to Tekkali with the story of their failure, great lamentations were made for the lost one. Although anger burned in their hearts, their grief was real, for a loved member had as suddenly and as effectually passed away from the household as though he had gone to the spirit world. If death had taken him away, deep would have been their sorrow, but there would not have been what they deemed was a stinging disgrace. The name that was now a forbidden word, would have been spoken lovingly, and they would have thought of him as being in a happier state of existence.

They wished to prove to all that he was as really dead to them as if he had passed away to the spirit world; so, funeral preparations were commenced. All the ceremonies with which his caste honor their dead were performed for him. The friends made some general bathings, and outside of the town a funeral pyre of a valuable kind of wood was erected, whereon Gurahathi was laid in effigy. Oil was poured over it, and after some of the friends had passed three times around the pile, an elder brother, or some other near friend, put the torch to it, then went away. In some cases a man with a pot of water on his head walks once around the wood, then a small hole is made in the pot with a stick, and so on until three holes have been made, then the pot is broken.

There is fasting after the burning, and, after three days, some considerable feasting, and further mourning, then life settles back into its ordinary channels. So it was in Tekkali. All, save Herriamah, seemed to have forgotten the absent one, and she dared not mention his name.

After Gurahathi's baptism, there was some correspondence between him and the younger wife, probably at the suggestion of the

missionary, relative to her coming to him. This was a necessity ; but she soon gave all parties clearly to understand that she would not then, nor at any future time, have anything to do with him as long as he remained a Christian.

Among Brahmins, etc., there is no social custom or legal formality by which husband and wife can be separated without loss of caste. But, among the lower orders of the people, when the marriage tie becomes irksome, there is a very simple way of severing it, if the parties concerned go about it according to the accepted custom. It is not Hindu law, but simply a custom that has become strong by use. Every village has its town hall, or council chamber, but usually not built in Canadian style. Occasionally it is a room, but more frequently a wall a few feet high is constructed of stone around a large tree ; the enclosed space, when filled in and sodded over, makes a very comfortable place to sit and talk, while the wide-spreading branches shelter from the sun. In more rural villages a few large, flat stones, near the centre, serve the same purpose ; and here many difficulties are settled, some honest work done, and many dishonest schemes planned and carried into execution.

When a man brings a complaint against his wife, or *vice versa*, several men belonging to the village where the parties dwell are called together by the Naidu, or head man of the village. These gather under the large tree, or around the flat stones, and consider the matter. If both parties are agreed, a paper is made out, and they are allowed to go their several ways. Should either fail to appear, and offer no proper excuse, the divorce is granted, as absence is regarded as consent.

For ordinary difficulties, and among natives only, the matter requires but little time and thought, and is of very frequent occurrence.

But when a man becomes a Christian, he not only loses his caste — which is a good thing to get rid of — but he loses all his former Hindu friends as well. Humanly speaking, he has only the missionary to look to ; and when, as in this case, the missionary lived one hundred miles from the place where the *punchiat* must be held, the separation is not so easily encompassed. Only time can make some crooked things straight, and this was one of the things that must indefinitely wait.

CHAPTER VI.

HERRIAMAH GOES TO BERHAMPORE.

MONTHS passed away, and Herriamah was waiting day after day in Tekkali for some word or sign to indicate the approach of long-sought deliverance. She was often compelled to participate in the ceremonies and festivals, with which heathen life abound, and which are more or less closely connected with idolatrous worship. But she refused to pray to the idols, or to make any kind of *poojah* to them. Consequently her position was becoming more and more irksome.

One day, when in some one of the outer courts, an unknown man quietly drew near and passed into her hand a folded paper. It proved to be a note from Gurahathi, saying that the missionary advised her to come to Berhampore, if she could make her escape, and that he would try to send her money for a bandy, in a few days, by some one whom he could trust. He also told her that she might feel assured that the man who should come was his messenger, if he repeated to her a given word in answer to a question of hers.

A journey of one hundred miles is a trifle to a Canadian woman; but to Herriamah, who had never been beyond the town of Tekkali, it was almost equal to one of Bunyan's lions. It was a struggle also to leave her mother and many other old associates. Days of unrest and anxiety followed, wherein the effort to appear at ease and unconscious wore upon her so much that her friends thought she was sick. Thinking this, she was left largely to her own devices, which suited her purpose well, as she was constantly on the watch for, and feared she would miss the messenger, when he should arrive.

One afternoon, while sitting on a doorstep, a man at some distance drew her attention. In a moment the magic words passed

her lips, and were answered ; then, with loudly-beating heart, she received a note which directed her to be at an appointed place at a given time, if possible. Days passed, and the man waited, but no opportunity to escape from the house offered itself. Finally, one of the annual festivals which was to commemorate the death of some member of the family was to be celebrated. Herriamah pleaded indisposition, and was at last allowed to remain in her own room. And, said she, "I really was sick ; my head and my heart ached."

When alone, she hastily put together in a bundle some clothing and jewels, which she could call her own, knelt down and prayed for the last time where she had often prayed before, and asked God's blessing upon herself and the mother whom she loved, but who must be left behind, then quietly passed away out of the house into the gathering night, found the bandy, which was soon ready, and in a short time they had turned their backs upon Tekkali, and their faces were towards Berhampore.

The first time that Herriamah told me all this, we were alone in the Chicacole mission house. It was evening, and I was lying on the couch in the sitting-room, while she sat on the floor beside me. No lamps were lighted, but the warm air seemed tremulous with the soft eastern moonlight, which made the outside world beautiful, and which fell across the floor in wide sheets through the open front doors. Said she, "It was a night just like this," and her recital and description kept my pulses thrilling.

They were not pursued, or if they were they saw nothing of the pursuers. Probably the family thought that the last disturber of the peace had gone, and it was better so. She was only a woman, and a widow beside, not worth taking much trouble for.

The long journey was made in safety, and Herriamah reached Berhampore, where she was kindly received by the missionaries, and a place was given her among the women and girls who were, in various ways, connected with the mission. It was a happy day for her when she was allowed to follow her Saviour in baptism, and she spoke of the peace and joy that filled her soul.

The change from life in the centre of a heathen town, to the quiet of a God-fearing mission compound, must have been great to them both, and those days are reverted to with pleasure. She and Gurahathi were not allowed to live together, as the missionaries could not regard her as his married wife. Neither could they marry

her to him, as they wished, till the tie which bound him to the other woman had been severed, and there seemed no early probability of accomplishing this.

Months, or perhaps a year or two, passed in quiet contentment; then the old missionaries went home on furlough, and new ones came in their stead. Let the new ones be ever so devoted, energetic and faithful, they cannot begin where the old ones have left off; they must take up the work, but the work misses the understanding of men and things, and the much valuable experience that the departing ones take to the home-land with them. This may have had nothing to do with the matter, but shadows seem to have fallen again on Gurahathi and Herriamah.

The leprosy, which had long been comparatively dormant, rapidly began to develope, and both he and Herriamah, as natives are apt to be, were exceedingly troubled. At one time, when he was very ill and needing care, she went to his assistance without the consent of the missionaries. Trouble was started, and, ultimately, this led to their leaving the station together; but they were still retained as members of the Church, and, long after, they left that one to join the church at Chicacole.

They went to Calcutta, and God appeared to bless them. Their lot fell among good Christian people, who tried to help Gurahathi medicinally; earnest prayers were offered for him, and health was in a measure restored. They, and others, have spoken of that period as the time when health was given in answer to prayer.

After spending some months here, they returned to their own native town, Tekkali; not to the old home of plenty and comfort, but to comparative poverty, and to that part of the town where the lowest caste people lived. Gurahathi had some claim to a piece of land, and though he ultimately lost this, they settled down and began life anew. He was always kind to the people, to whom he began to tell the way of salvation. His general influence was good, and he evinced his philanthropic spirit by digging a well for the benefit of ail who would take water from it. The well was nicely stoned up, and on a broad, flat stone at the top, was the following inscription:

"Beneficent Lord Almighty. In the year of Our Lord 1877 this well was dug 22 cubits deep. Bahoobalindrani Uthucutanaryie Urapu Gurahathi, Rupees 100, cost of well. Darapu Kittish stoned

it up. No man is to give this water as a meritorious act, or sell it for money. If any man wishes to take water freely, and another attempt to prevent him, may the Lord's curse be on him. Amen. Gummipilly Hatachyah prepared this stone."

To Christian Canadians who live in the midst of beautiful rivers, singing brooks and bubbling springs, this may seem a matter scarcely worthy of mention ; but in this part of caste-bound India, where rivers are few, and only a dry sand-bed is all that is left of them during the hot season, where brooks and springs are rarely or never seen, a very different value is placed upon a well of good water. If a well belongs to Brahmins, the ordinary classes of people are not allowed to draw from it without pay, and sometimes water is refused altogether. Ordinarily, men, bullocks, and buffaloes, share the green, thick water of the filthy tanks. So, when Gurahathi dug and put this well into perfect order, at his own expense, it is presumable that many a blessing was envoked for him by those who drank of the sparkling water, and that to their dark minds this one meritorious action would balance many sinful ones, when the day of reckoning should come.

To such a day the most benighted look forward ; and to them it is only a question of preponderance.

CHAPTER VII.

NEW FRIENDS AND CHANGES.

THE former friends of Gurahathi and Herriamah regarded them with the utmost contempt, but this was in a comparatively dormant state, as long as they were not too aggressive as Christians. They avoided open contact with them, but let pass no opportunity of insult or injury. So their days of trial were not yet over.

Before any of our missionaries came to this part of the country, some of the residents of Akalatampara, a village some thirty miles from Chicacole, but not in the direction of Tekkali, had been led to Christ through the instrumentality of M. Anthrovady, of whom many have heard; and these, in visiting Tekkali, had found Gurahathi and Herriamah.

When Rev. W. F. Armstrong settled in Kimeddy, he found in these Akalatampara Christians his first native assistants, and through them became acquainted with the friends in Tekkali. He heard their story, and to him, as to other missionaries before him, their case was a very puzzling one. He plainly told them what their position was in the eyes of all well-living people, and advised another separation. They did as he advised, and late in 1879 or early in 1880 Herriamah came to Chicacole, and once more set up her house in one of the verandah rooms of the mission house. One of her first duties was to learn something of the Telugu language, as her native tongue, Oriya, was not used in Chicacole and vicinity.

Here, in May of 1880, when the return of Mr. Armstrong to Canada necessitated my going to Chicacole, my acquaintance with Herriamah began, and a close friendship grew up between us. During the one year and eight months that I was alone at Chicacole, she was most invaluable to me in many ways; was always within call during the day, and every night her bed was spread on the floor

beside my cot. She learned to read Telugu well, and could speak it better than she could read it ; was one of my best daily Bible-class students, and was generally a help and comfort. She became a very good Bible-woman, and not only worked in Chicacole, but walked off three and four miles to the villages, and seemed faithful to the work entrusted to her.

Gurahathi was still in Tekkali, engaged in teaching a small school, and in preaching to the poorer classes of the people. His activity brought upon him the wrath of his own relatives, who were his worst enemies and his most bitter persecutors.

Darkness hung heavily over the wicked city, and he was the only man therein who endeavored to serve God. Without any appearance of complaint, his monthly reports showed plainly that the cross was heavy, but they breathed a spirit of such rare humility and patience, that their receipt always brought new courage to my own, sometimes, almost fainting heart.

Two or three times his poor little mud house was torn down, the garden where he tried to grow a few vegetables for food was laid waste, and any household articles that he had were broken in pieces.

Homeless and sick, he was driven about and was forced to shelter himself in an open shed, under a large tree, where he lived and taught his school for months. As the leprosy had affected his hands, he was usually unable to do his own cooking ; and the little boy who had earned his food and clothing by doing this work for him, one day ran off and left him.

Occasionally he would write pathetically of his lonely state, and ask if there was yet no prospect of Herriamah being allowed to come to him. His letters to me always enclosed a note to her, and many were the plans that we discussed for his comfort, and when they were put into execution none were more grateful than he, and none more pleased than she was. When his pay was increased, she was glad ; and, when material for some coats was purchased, she seemed very happy in making them.

He lived among the lowest and poorest of the people, but his kindness to them and his patience in suffering won their hearts, and opened their dirty little dub-bags.* He decided to build another house, and they contributed considerable in money, and helped a good deal about the work.

* Money bags.

He always wrote hopefully regarding his work, but not until August of 1881 was there a rift in the heavy clouds. I shall never forget with what joy and thanksgiving he wrote of some who really appeared to be seeking the Saviour. That was the beginning of better days in Tekkali; but it was only the first glimmer of dawn, which has since steadily increased till, perhaps, now there is no brighter spot on the Chicacole field.

Although the question of Herriamah's return to Gurahathi was very seriously considered, no feasible course of action presented itself. The work at the station was heavy and growing; that in various parts of the field was prospering, but it was in a measure crippled, and plans were thwarted, because there was no male missionary; and the above was one of the things that had to wait.

At times Herriamah appeared very anxious to go to the assistance of Gurahathi; but not knowing what course would eventually be decided as the wisest, not much encouragement was held out.

One day, feeling particularly depressed regarding news from Tekkali, and not wishing to say much herself, she delegated one of the Christians, named Rajamah, to see what were the latest developments in the mission house. Although Rajamah was an eloquent pleader, she could not make me see as plainly as she could that it was Herriamah's duty to do anything decided about going to Tekkali. And when told that fears were entertained regarding Herriamah's happiness, should she at any future time be allowed to go; that Gurahathi was not what he once was; that the disease was steadily making progress in his system; and that he had not as comfortable a home there as Herriamah had here; she lifted up her two hands and said, "It is not that, not that. It may seem so to you, but to Herriamah he is like a king." The opposition was silenced, but doubt still remained.

On the first day of January, 1882, Rev. J. R. Hutchinson and family reached Chicacole, and one of the early duties of the new missionary was the happy privilege of baptizing into the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, the converts at Tekkali, who had for months been waiting his coming. There, in that heathen city, where a poor and despised leper had been the instrument used in turning some from death unto life, the solemnization of that most beautiful of Christ's ordinances was enough to thrill the nerves and bring tears to the eyes of any who loved the work.

Gurahathi visited Chicacole, where he and Herriamah talked over their affairs, and concluded that they still wished to be married by the " Christian Marriage Act." The missionaries were doubtful, and as nothing had yet been done about the *punchiat*, only a promise to see about it was made, and Gurahathi returned alone to his lonely life and work.

Another year passed away, and if action was ever going to be taken it seemed as if the time had come. A *punchiat*, or what may be equivalent to a native jury, called upon Gurahathi and the real wife to appear before them and make known their intentions regarding each other. The woman, who had for a long time been living with another man, refused to appear, but sent word that she claimed no relation to Gurahathi and would have nothing to do with him. The divorce was given, and he was at liberty to marry again.

Here the last obstacle was removed, and in April, of 1883, Mr. Hutchinson married Gurahathi and Herriamah, in the mission house at Chicacole, and once more they set their faces towards Tekkali. They went to the comparatively comfortable native house where the former had lived, conducted his school and religious services for months; so it was not to a rude shed under a tree to which Herriamah was welcomed.

At first they got along nicely, and things seemed to promise well; but the change to Herriamah was very great and increased every day. She had become almost as neat and clean as an English lady; the new friends, though kind, had many concomitants of low Hindu life. True, some of them were Christians, but even more civilized people than these converted heathen find that the old nature has still a large place in their hearts and lives. Gurahathi was daily growing worse with a loathsome disease, so it is scarcely wonderful that she was not happy, and perhaps she should not be too severely criticized if she was not the help and comfort that she might have been, and what she hoped to be when she went there.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END DRAWETH ON.

WNE day followed another, and finally Gurahathi was obliged to give up his school. The leprosy was fast doing its work in his system. A medicine had been procured for him, which outwardly appeared to do good, but which probably was no real benefit, and it became evident to all that his work was nearly done. But to him the fast approaching conflict contained no shadows. He knew that the hand, which had brought him over so many rough places, would not fail him now. The fire of God's love burned in the soul, which was still held by the emaciated body, and his eyes reflected the light from within.

When he could no longer stand and speak of the Saviour's love to those whom God had given him, they gathered about his mat or cot and drank in the teaching, which was filled with the song of victory and the bliss of heaven.

In the latter part of July, 1884, came the call to a higher service, and he passed away from the suffering body, and the sadly bereft little band of Christians in Tekkali, to his new home, and to the company of those who have "come up out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

In sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection, they laid him away on the hillside in a plot of ground which he had bequeathed to the mission for a cemetery. It was sown a natural body; it will be raised a spiritual body, unmarred by disease, a fitting temple for the sanctified spirit. When that time comes, he who was poor, and by many despised upon earth, will stand before the great white throne, and hear the welcome "Come, ye blessed of my Father." And he will not be empty handed, for others of Tekkali's dusky

sons and daughters will be there, clothed in raiment clean and white, of whom he can say: "Here am I, and the children whom Thou hast given me."

What must be the happiness and calm of Heaven to him, whose life for many long years was constant suffering and unspeakable unrest?

He was the brightest and best in all this northern mission; and, humanly speaking, his death was a great loss. But, is it really so? He who had called him, in this, as in all other cases, had made no mistake.

The flock that was in a measure left shepherdless, learned to lean more directly and heavily upon the Almighty Arm, which had been his sure refuge, and the work goes on.

Once more Herriamah was brought to Chicacole, where she still lives and works. Though in many respects very admirable, she is not so bright a character as Gurahathi was. Few are. She is one of the living stones in the great temple of God, which will one day be complete. She goes among the women and children of Chicacole and adjacent villages as in former days, telling them of salvation through Him "who liveth and was dead, and who is alive forevermore."

And here let us leave her in part; but, having made her acquaintance, shall we forget her, or shall we give and let her keep a place in our thoughts and prayers?

If this be so, one of the desired results in the telling of this little story will have been gained, and, when we meet her in Heaven, both she and Gurahathi will be among the many friends whom, though not having seen in the flesh, we love.

